

70's Tuxedos

That Handsome Devil

Mother was a bartender, pops was a truck driver, tough guy who always aimed much higher

Would lift you up and leave you there, just hanging in the air

Dying to be famous with the latest and the greatest of the masochists and sadists

Your sacrifices is so contrived, fraudulent, contractualized

If there's nothing you would die for, then what are you alive for?

There's no reason for believing anymore

Blame it on us

For expecting too much

I wanna dig up The Beatles, fuck, and share needles

With girls from 70s TV shows

All the stars that you look up to will let you down

They're dead by now

All the stars that you look up to will let you down

They're dead by now

I got a feeling that it's gonna get cold tonight

Watching all the stars get old and die

Well it may sound weird, what with you up there and us down here

But you forgot the feel of living, it's warm and it's forgiving

When those clouds clear, can you still see us down here?

Well you forgot the feel of living, it's what you loved in the beginning

If there's nothing you would die for, then what are you alive for?

There's no reason for believing anymore

Blame it on us

For setting you up

I wanna dig up The Beatles, fuck, and share needles

With girls from 70s TV shows

I wanna eat a bald eagle, fuck and share needles

Or dig Reno in 70s tuxedos

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